

D1+ / #1
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It was a hazy day. A thick fog hung low in the air, forming a white layer that obscured everything further than a few meters away. Cynthia's memory was as hazy as the day itself. The place where she had woken up that morning was familiar enough: the back room of the Orange Bear, her go-to Manhattan bar. She just couldn't remember what had happened the previous night. Though lately, that hadn't been an entirely unfamiliar feeling either. Ever since that stupid ban was enacted, the bars just hadn't been the same. The atmosphere, the people, everything had changed. The smoke-choked rooms she'd always known and loved turned into something that felt more like a damn restaurant than a bar. And since she couldn't smoke there anymore (and consequently, couldn't pick up cute boys quite as easily as before), she turned her attention towards alcohol. Oh how she loathed this new, smoke-free era! As she walked down a narrow street, heading home, she felt nothing but anger. Well, anger and a headache.

Wonderful story!! Cynthia's fate -
Good use of vocab... language... structures.
and excellent tone!

Thanks -

Excel Out.